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THE
CHILD'S TREASURY:

A Selection of Verses

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

COMPILED BY

REBECCA COLLINS.



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THE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

THE
CHILD'S TREASURY.

A BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

THE mother looked pale, and her face was sad,
She seemed to have nothing to make her glad ;
She silently sat with the tears in her eye,
For her dear little boy had told a lie.

He was a gentle, affectionate child,
His ways were winning, his temper was mild ;
There was love and joy in his soft blue eye,
But the dear little boy had told a lie.

He stood alone by the window within,
For he felt that his soul was stained with sin ;
And his mother could hear him sob and cry,
Because he had told her that wicked lie.

Then he came and stood by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she denied ;
While he promised, with many a penitent sigh,
That he never would tell another lie.

So she bade him before her kneel gently down,
And took his soft hands within her own ;
And she kissed his cheek as he looked on high,
And prayed to be pardoned for telling that lie.

A CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT IMploRED.

“Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.”—LUKE, xviii. 17.

QUIET, Lord ! my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to move one step alone ;—



A CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT IMploRED.



Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, guard, and guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from danger, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names, and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song;
The words offend my ears:
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes;
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that's used to mock,
They learn the wicked jest :
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here :
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true ;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
Which, just before, her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell;
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.



AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learned to sin.

When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are ! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new.
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before !

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I :
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind :
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear :
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight ;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And, from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men ;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastised at school ;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother Fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,
Served old Elisha so ;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go !"

God quickly stopped their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood and groans and tears.





Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners e'er so young !
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.



AUTUMN.



“All nature owns with one accord
 The great and universal Lord ;
 Insect, and bird, and tree, and flower,
 Bear witness to his wondrous power ;
 And ‘God is with us,’ all reply,
 Creatures that creep, walk, swim, or fly,
 ‘God reigns on earth, in air, in sky.’”



AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING AND TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.



ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God ;
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of Thy rod :

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse Thy dreadful, glorious name!
And when they're angry how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before Thy face,
Who treated Thee with such disdain;
While Thou 'shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise Thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take Thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.



BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

(G. SWAIN.)

BE kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone;
Then 'midst our dejections,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned.

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove —
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling.
Oh be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky?
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.



BEING CAREFUL IN PLAY.

IN your play, be very careful
Not to give another pain;
If rude children hurt or tease you,
Never do the like to them.

If a stone were thrown upon you,
And should hit your head or eye,
Don't you know 'twould hurt you sadly?
Don't you think 'twould make you cry?

Never throw a stone or brick-bat,
Though you see no creature near;
'Tis a dangerous, naughty practice,
Which you little ones should fear.

God will love the child that's gentle,
And who tries to do no wrong,
And you must learn to be careful,
Now while you are very young.



A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the East,
His morning race begins ;
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines :

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord ! thy early grace
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

AN EVENING SONG.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.



BLESSINGS ATTENDANT UPON EARLY PIETY.

BLESSINGS ATTENDANT UPON EARLY PIETY.

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." — PROV. viii. 17.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from sinful ways,
Your lips from falsehood and deceit.

From error's devious road depart;
From bad companions haste to flee:
And hidden deep within the heart
Let God's commandments ever be.

In joy to Him your ways commit;
In grief and woe make Him your stay;
And He will safely lead your feet
Through life's dark paths to endless day.

BEWARE OF CARELESS WORDS.

BEWARE, beware of careless words,
They have a fearful power ;
And jar upon the spirit's chord
Through many a weary hour.

Though not designed to give us pain —
Though but at random spoken —
Remembrance brings them back again,
The past's most bitter token.

They haunt us through the toilsome day,
And through the lonely night,
And rise to cloud the spirit's ray,
When all besides is bright.

Though from the mind, and with the breath
Which gave them they have flown ;
Yet wormwood, gall, and even death,
May dwell in every tone.

As burning tears can well attest,
A sentence lightly framed
May linger, cankering, in the breast
At which it first was aimed.

O, could my prayer indeed be heard —
Might I the past live o'er —
I'd guard against a careless word,
E'en though I spoke no more.

CHILD'S PETITION.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn Thy will?
And shall I daily know Thee more,
And less obey Thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me Thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

BUY THE TRUTH.

Go, thou in life's fair morning,
Go in thy bloom of youth,
And buy for thine adorning
The precious boon of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thine heart;
And let no worldly pleasure
Ere cause it to depart.

Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go, now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise.
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice.



CHILD'S TALENT.

God intrusts to all
Talents, few or many;
None so young or small,
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my *one* I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?

Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.



DO RIGHT.

I LOVE to do right,
And I love the truth,
And I'll always love them,
While in my youth.

And when I grow old,
And when I grow gray,
I will love them still,
Depart who may.



CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS.

“And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”

MARK, xiii. 37.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,—
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.



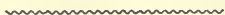
CONSOLATION FROM THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

(CECIL.)

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'd sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath,
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled Thy glories shine.



CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

Oh! teach us more of Thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God;
And fix and root us in Thy grace,
As those redeemed by blood.

Oh! tell us often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain,
And let our hearts with joy confess,
From thence comes all our gain.

For this, oh! may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss,—
The dearest objects of our love,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

Engrave this deeply on our hearts
With an eternal pen,
That we may, in some small degree,
Return Thy love again.



CHILDREN, WHY DO YOU COME TO SCHOOL?

WE little children come to school
A part of every day,
Because we think it would not do
To spend it all in play.

'Tis true we love to be at home
With father and with mother;
But yet to school we like to come—
Sisters and little brother.

We all delight to count in turn,
And know each figure well;
And then we also want to learn
To read, and write, and spell.

And whilst upon the map we view
Each country, far and wide—
With oceans, lakes, and rivers, too,
And many isles beside,—

We learn that Europe is a land
Renowned for wealth and fame,
From which, so many years ago,
Our worthy fathers came.

That Asia is the ancient clime
Where Adam lived and died;
And where the blessed Saviour, too,
Was scourged and crucified:

That o'er the sands of Africa
The negro yet might roam,
Had not the cruel white man gone
And torn him from his home.

But yet, from Europe's northern clime,
To Afric's burning sand,
No place is like America,
Our own, our native land.

CHILD'S ASPIRATIONS.

DEAREST Father, dwelling high,
Far above the starry sky,
Seated on thy shining throne,
Hear me say, "Thy kingdom come."

Let me bless His holy name,
Who a little child became;
And the Spirit Thou hast given,
God, most high, in earth and heaven.

Wicked I have often been;
Oh! forgive my every sin;
Help me to forgive each one
Who to me a wrong has done.

Keep me from each evil thought,
For the Lord my soul has bought;
Me from powers of evil keep,
When I wake and when I sleep.

I, thy little child, would bring
Prayers and praises to my King;
Let my heart cease breathing never,
"Glory be to God forever."

CHILDREN AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

(JAMES EDMESTON.)

LITTLE travellers Zion-ward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest —
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen strand,"

"I from India's sultry plain,"

"I from Afric's barren sand,"

"I from Islands of the main."

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "come" awaits,
Conquerors o'er death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.



DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

Don't kill the birds, the little birds
That sing about your door,
Soon as the joyous spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

The little birds — how sweet they sing ;
Oh, let them joyous live,
And do not seek to take their life,
Which you can never give.

Don't kill the birds — the pretty birds
That play among the trees ;
'T would make the earth a cheerless place
To see no more of these.

The little birds—how fond they play;
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds—the happy birds,
That cheer the field and grove;
Such harmless things to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.



DO I LOVE THE SAVIOUR?

WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread His works of love abroad,
If I had lived so long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

Jesus who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who healed the sick and cured the blind;
Oh, must I not have loved Him, then?

But where is Jesus? is He dead?
Oh no! He lives in heaven above;
“And blessed are they,” the Saviour said,
“Who, though they have not seen me, love.

He sees us from His throne on high,
As well as when on earth He dwelt;
And when to Him poor children cry,
He feels such love as then He felt.

And if the Lord will grant me grace,
Much will I love Him and adore;
But when in heaven I see His face,
'T will be my joy to love Him more.

DUTIES FOR CHILDREN.

'Tis God's command,
"Thou shalt not steal;"
The pilfering hand
His wrath shall feel.

I'll beg my bread
From door to door,
Rather than steal
My neighbour's store.

Work with your might,
'Tis God's command:
Let work and prayer
Go hand in hand.



DUTIES FOR CHILDREN.



All honest labor
God will bless;
Let me not live
In idleness.

I should not hurt
The meanest thing
That creeps on earth,
Or flies on wing.

I must not lie,
I must not feign,
I must not take
God's name in vain.

A wicked child
I must not be:
For God on high
Can hear and see.

I must not speak
Of others ill,
But ever bear
To all good-will.

I'd better die
Than tell a lie;
Lest I be lost
Eternally:

Nor may my tongue
Say what is wrong;
I must not sin
A world to win.

This blessed book,
My Bible true,
Shows me my sin
And Saviour too.

Oh, blessed Saviour,
Take my heart,
And let not me
From Thee depart.

Lord grant that I
In faith may die,
And live with Thee
Above the sky.



DESIRE TO WALK WITH GOD.

“It is good for me to draw near to God.”—Ps. lxxiii. 28.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest Idol I have known,—
Whate'er that idol be,—
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.



EARLY PIETY.

“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” — Prov. iii. 13, 17.

How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.



DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbor as yourself,
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

EVENING.

AND now the day is ending,
With all its toil and care :
My heart to heaven ascending,
Shall offer praise and prayer ;
The Lord is ever mindful
Of those who seek His face ;
And children, weak and sinful,
May feel His saving grace.

For all my sin and folly,
This day from morn to even,
I pray the Lord, most holy,
That I may be forgiven.
His bleeding love most precious,
I now recall to mind :
The Lord is ever gracious,
And pitiful, and kind.

While I, my sins confessing,
Implore His pardoning love,
I'll praise Him for each blessing
Descending from above.
Ingratitude so hateful —
O keep me from that sin ;
Lord, make me truly grateful,
And cleanse my soul within.





FIRST INQUIRY.

“ FATHER, who made all the beautiful flowers,
And the bright green shade of the summer bowers?
Is it the warm-beaming sun that brings
The emerald leaves and the blossomings?
Flowers to the field, and fruit to the tree ?”

“ Not the sun, my dear child, but One greater than
he.”

“ Father, whose hand formed the blue-tinted sky,
Its colored clouds and its radiancy?
What are those stars we view, shining in air?
What power keeps them ever suspended there?
Was it man formed the sky and the glories we see?”

“ Not man, my dear child, but One greater than
he.”

“ Father, from whence comes our own lovely land,
With its rivers, and seas, and its mountains so
grand?
Its tall frowning rocks, and its shell-spangled shore,
Were not these the work of some people of yore?
Owe these not their birth to man's own good de-
gree ?”

“ Not to man, my dear child, but One greater than
he.

‘From God came the trees, and the flowers, and
the earth,
To Him do the mountains and seas owe their birth :
His glory alone, love, created on high,
The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky ;
It was He formed the land, and no people of yore—
Seek Him, then, my dear child, and His power
adore.’”

EVENING HYMN.

(MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.)

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lambs to-night :
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.



FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

THOUGH I am but a little child,
I know I ought to try each day,
To keep my temper sweet and mild,
In everything I do or say.

I ought to be to others kind,
And never say a thing untrue;
My teachers I should always mind;
Whatever they may bid me do.

Each word we say by God is heard,
I must not take his name in vain,
Nor ever speak a naughty word,
Nor stay where others talk profane.

But I should try to learn my book,
And love my Bible most of all;
That when at death I have to look,
I then may know on whom to call.

I ought to pray, and now begin
To be as good as I can be,
Assured that if I live in sin,
My Maker's face I cannot see.

Thus may I prize instruction given;
My Saviour's blessed words obey;
That I may learn the way to heaven,
And happy be from day to day.

Then let me diligently try
To do what's right and mind the rule;
That when at last I come to die,
My heart may bless our Teacher's School.

FOR A NEW HEART.

OH ! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart redeemed by that rich blood
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

FAITH.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had,
The eldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard that widow toiled
To feed her children four :
An honest pride the woman felt,
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home,
For children must be fed ;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all the children had
On any day to eat ;
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day the snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air ;
I thought that I would go and see
How those poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home ;
'T was searched by every breeze :
When, going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy :
He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, " Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed,
And when he rose I asked him why
The Lord's prayer he had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead ;
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

" ' Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which makes me think that He,
As we have no kind father here,
Our Father kind will be.

"And then, you know, the prayer, too,
Asks God for bread each day ;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I thought God heard me," said the boy;
I answered with a nod:
I could not speak—but much I thought
Of that boy's faith in God.



GOD IS A SPIRIT.

God is a spirit, He can see
My very thoughts within;
And this is what he says to me,
Child, never dare to sin!

When once I know within my heart
That anything is wrong,
I must not act that wicked part,
However I may long.

'Tis God who gives me life and breath,
And home, and food, and clothes;
Though he can send me down to death
This moment if He choose.

But still to-day He lets me live,
And keeps me safe and right;
And the best thanks a child can give,
Is doing what is right.



GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven — can He hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven — can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven — would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou said'st it very low,
He 'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven — does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear,
'Tis God that giveth thee.

God is in heaven — can I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet; but love Him here below,
And He will guide thee there.

God is in heaven — may I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, love, *be good*, and then one day
He 'll call thee to the sky.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what can befall me,
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn nor rudeness.

When I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them;

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing;
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing!

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me ;
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity ;
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended ;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still,
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell,
Ne'er may I be found complying ;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.



GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
I do lay my little head;
And the rain, and wind, and storm,
Cannot come a-nigh my bed.

Many little children poor
Have not anywhere to go,
And sad hardships they endure,
Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank thee oft,
For this comfortable bed,
And this pretty pillow soft,
Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep so very well
On a bed so nice as this :
So, my mother dear, farewell,
Give thy little girl a kiss.



HOW MANY BONES ARE THERE IN THE HUMAN FRAME?

Two hundred and forty-five, 'tis said,
Compose the human frame :—
Just sixty-one within the head,
Three more the trunk doth claim :

Sixty the hands and arms complete,
And make them fit for work or play ;
Whilst sixty in the legs and feet,
Support this tenement of clay.

Wondrous machine ! with muscles, nerves,
And flesh, and blood made strong ;
How strange, how marvellous it seems
That it should last so long.



HAPPY CHILDREN.

IF little children love to pray,
And keep good tempered all the day,
And never speak a wicked word,
Whatever language they have heard—

Or if they struggle hard and pray,
To drive all wicked thoughts away;
Then they'll be happy all day long,
As wild birds in their morning song.

HYMN DESCRIPTIVE OF HEAVEN.

(ADDRESSED TO THE MARTYRS.)

FOLLOWERS of the holy Jesus,
Gone without the camp with Him;
To the mansions ye inhabit,
All the glare of earth, how dim!

Can imperial courts exhibit
Aught that may with heaven compare?
Halls of ivory and silver,
Faint would be your brilliance there.

Gates of pearl and gem foundations,
Through the heavenly city shine;
Golden streets and walls of beauty
Glow with radiance divine.

There no sun nor moon is shining,
No created light is known;
But unmingled lustre streaming
From the bright eternal throne.

There the ransomed nations worship,
Kings and priests to God they reign;
There the myriad harpers harping,
Cease not day nor night their strain.

There are meads of fadeless verdure ;
There the living waters flow ;
There the Lamb amidst them leads them
Where the trees of healing grow.

There shall he that overcometh,
An eternal pillar stand ;
On his head a crown of glory,
Victor, palm-branch in his hand.

Him the second death can never
Offer danger or alarm,
For the Alpha and Omega
Rules it with victorious arm.

Welcome scourges ! Welcome prisons !
Welcome death, with all its stings .
Life from death, and joy from sorrow,
Honor from dishonor springs !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
We shall one day conquer, too :
Whether calms or storms await us,
Jesus lives to lead us through.



HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

O supply my every want !
Feed the young and tender plant ;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And oh ! accept my prayer ;
Thou well canst hear all that I say,
For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee ;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And, when I sin, forgive ;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

O, FATHER, bless a little child,
And in my early youth,
Give me a spirit meek and mild,
A soul to love the truth.

May never falsehood in my heart,
Or in my words, abide;
But may I act the truthful part,
Whatever may betide.

When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore His injuries.

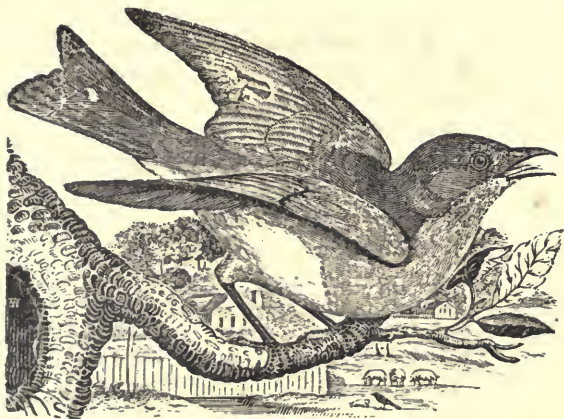
Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee,
My temper to amend;
And, walking in humility,
May peace my steps attend.



H O S A N N A.

HOSANNA to King David's Son!
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King!



IF EVER I SEE.

IF ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nests;
I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

I N T E M P E R A N C E .

I SAW a little girl,
With half uncovered form,
And wondered why she wandered thus,
Amid the winter storm ;
They said her mother drank
What took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude and punishment
And toil divide the time ;
And, as they forced him through its gate,
Unwillingly along,
They told me 't was I N T E M P E R A N C E
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep
As if her heart would break ;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take.
I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave ;
They said no tear had fallen there :
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all
The risks the intemperate run,
For there was danger lest the soul
Be evermore undone.
Water is very pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see;
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.



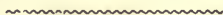
HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.



HYMN FOR A CHILD.

(RYLAND.)

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my infant heart.

For Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain;
And fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

To Him let little children come,
For He hath said they may;
His bosom then shall be their home—
Their tears He'll wipe away.

For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace,
To dwell with Him above.



JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

IN Jesus, God is reconciled,
Thy sins may be forgiven;
Come and He'll own thee as a child,
And make thee heir of heaven.

O may the word of gospel truth
Thy chief desires engage;
And Jesus be thy guide in youth,
Thy joy in hoary age!

INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud ;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;
So foul and so fierce are their natures ;
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves, or as
lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play ;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt :
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
mire !
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you " 'tis all but in sport."

INDUSTRY.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

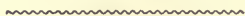
In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day,
Some good account at last.

INFANT'S PRAYER.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child,
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.



JESUS THE GUIDE.

JESUS, guide of young beginners,
Let a child approach to Thee,
Thee who cam'st to ransom sinners,
Thee who died'st to ransom me.

Into Thy protection take me,
Full of goodness as Thou art,
After Thine own image make me,
Make me after Thine own heart.

Exercise the potter's power
Over this unshapen clay;
Call me in the morning hour,
Teach my youthful mind Thy way.

With a tender awe inspire,
That I never more may rove;
Every spark of Good desire
Raise into a flame of love.



LOVE TO JESUS.

“Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”
MATT. xix. 14.

“And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”—MARK x. 16.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
When He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head;
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

But still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all that are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus, the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

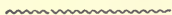
Thus, our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

LITTLE THINGS.





Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.



OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threatened by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.



I OFTEN SAY MY PRAYERS.

I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Dictate the words I say?

'Tis useless to implore
Unless I feel I need;
Unless 'tis from a sense of want,
That all my words proceed.

I might as well kneel down
And worship Gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone!

Lord, teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore Thy grace,
Not feeling what I say.



LINES ON THE DIFFERENCE OF COLOR, OR
RACES OF MAN.

God gave to Afric's sons
A brow of sable dye,
And spread the country of their birth
Beneath a burning sky.

And with a cheek of olive made
The little Hindoo child,
And darkly stained the forest tribes
That roam our western wild.

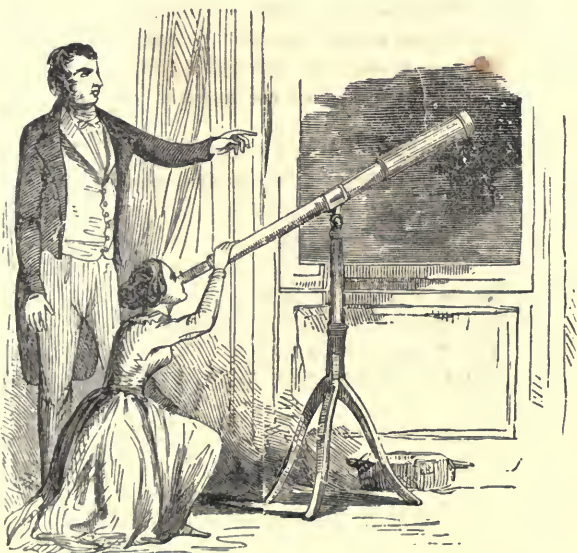
The Malay and Mongolian race
Like chestnut polished bright;
While Chinese and East Indian
Have shades of yellow light.

To me he gave a form
Of rather whiter clay;
But am I therefore in His sight
Respected more than they?

No! 'tis the hue of deeds and thoughts,
Which He doth e'er regard;
'Tis the complexion of the heart,
Which He doth e'er reward.

Not by the tinted cheek,
That fades away so fast,
But by the *color of the soul*,
We shall be judged at last.

And God, the Judge, will look at me
With anger in his eyes,
If I my brother's darker brow
Should ever dare despise.



LITTLE STAR.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
While I view it from afar;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then it shows its little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky it keeps,
And often through my curtain peeps;
For it never shuts its eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As its bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
And I see it from afar,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 't is a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath;
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.



LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone;
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure,
Just as if it were our own?

Let us try to care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
We should all be friends and brothers,
'Twas the Saviour's last request.



NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;

Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah now
Esther theauteous mourner show:
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum, come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room.
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.



PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

GREAT God, to Thee my voice I raise,
To Thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to Thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on [Christian] ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes, and my desire;
While all the preachers of Thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since Thou hast marked my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings Thou hast given.



NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

THREE little words we often see,
An article, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A noun's the name of any thing,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand,
Thy head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done,
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

A preposition stands before
A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.

The interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh*, how pretty! *Ah*, how wise!



PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in counsel to restore,
And save our ruined race!

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honored all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold Him rising from the grave;
Behold Him raised on high;
He pleads His merit, there to save
Transgressors doomed to die.

There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And by His power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come;
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face;
And with the blessed assembly there
Sing His redeeming grace!

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.



ON CLEANLINESS.

Good boys and girls who come to school,
Oh don't forget the cleanly rule ;
To wash your hands and comb your hair,
And so look clean and fresh and fair ;
And, lest you fall into disgrace,
Do not forget to wash the face.
This is the way we wash our hands,
And try to keep them white ;
This is the way we comb our hair,
And so look clean and bright.
This is the way we wash our face,
Before we come to school ;
And thus we brush and fix our clothes,
To keep the cleanly rule.

Raise your hands if they are clean,
By your teachers to be seen;
Hands and faces clean and bright,
How it will their hearts delight.
If you keep them bright and clean,
Their true color may be seen.
Hold them very still again—
We can almost see each vein;
Almost see each purple tide,
All along each finger glide.
O, how healthy that must be,
When the blood can flow so free!
Hid with dirt we could not know
Where these pretty veins did flow.

Sparkle, sparkle, water pure!
Dirty hands I can't endure;
Washing's pleasant, I am sure,—
Sparkle, sparkle, water pure!



PRAISE FOR MERCIES, SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

Are These Thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And strive to serve Thee best.



PRAISE.

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear,
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praise to hear.

Though Thou art, so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away.

Then when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.



PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING the Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to Thy 'care;
'There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?



PRAYER FOR DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

Now, in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know;
O Lord, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

Make my unguarded youth
The object of Thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And flee from every snare.

My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power Divine ;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.

Lord, let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my future days,
My treasure and my joy.



PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ revealed and brought from heaven !





PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipped idols, wood, and stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his Gospel known!

Then if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.



PRAISE FOR MERCIES.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

And Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless Thou give the power.

My health, my friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF
THY YOUTH.

WHILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb.

Remember thy Creator, God;
For Him thy powers employ;
Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.



PERSEVERANCE.

HERE'S a lesson all should heed,
Try, try again ;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.
Let your courage well appear ;
If you only persevere,
You will conquer, never fear —
Try, try again.

Twice or thrice though you should fail,

Try, try again;

If at last you would prevail,

Try, try again.

When you strive there's no disgrace,

Though you fail to win the race;

Bravely, then, in such a case,

Try, try again.

Let the thing be e'er so hard,

Try, try again;

Time will surely bring reward—

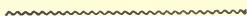
Try, try again.

That which other folks can do,

Why, with patience, may not you?

Why, with patience, may not you?

Try, try again.



PRAYER FOR YOUTH.

“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it.”—Prov. xxii. 6.

BESTOW, O Lord, upon our youth

The gift of saving grace,

And let the seed of sacred truth

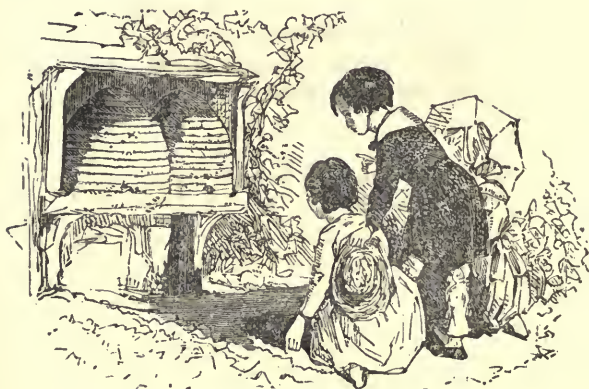
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

For you the public prayer is made ;
O join the public prayer !
For you the sacred tear is shed ;
O shed yourselves a tear !

We pray that you may early prove
The Saviour's quickening grace ;
Too young you cannot taste His love,
Or seek His smiling face.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool and hay and moss;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To do his holy will.



RELIGION.



'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God our friend,
Then our bliss shall never end.



REFLECTIONS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

“For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”—TITUS ii. 11–14.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my fleeting moments run —
The few which yet remain!

Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes — how sure, how fair, —
And what thy great concern?

Another year next morn begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on His grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.



SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a God, that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens and earth and seas;
I fear His wrath, I ask His love,
And with my lips I sing His praise.

There is a law which He has writ,
To teach us all what we must do :
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a Gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
Lord, I repent, and seek Thy face,
For I have often broke Thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are called by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fixed in the state wherein he dies.



RULES OF SCHOOL.

I SHOULD come early every day,
And all my teacher's rules obey;
Be here before the school begins,
And silent when the signal rings.

My clothes and person should be neat;
I should not mark my desk nor seat;
My books I should not soil nor tear,
Nor aught about the room impair.

I should not whisper, talk, nor play,
Nor idly while my time away;
But learn my lessons well and fast,
For soon my school-days will be past.

I should not quarrel, swear, nor lie,
Tell tales, deceive, nor angry be;
Nor do to others things that I
Should hate to have them do to me.

SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun !
How lovely and joyful the course that he run !
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And fortells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.



SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently : it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently : let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently : love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind ;
And gently friendships accents flow —
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child !
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild —
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run —
Let such in peace depart.
Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring: know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!
Speak gently: He who gave His life,
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently: 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.



SULKING.

WHY is Mary standing there,
Leaning down upon a chair,
With pouting lip and frowning brow?
I wonder what's the matter now?

Come here, my dear, and let me see;
Is it because I spoke to thee,
About the work thou didst so slow,
That thou art standing sulking so?

Why, then, indeed, I'm grieved to see
My child can so ill tempered be;
Thy fault was made a great deal worse
By being angry and perverse.

Oh, how much better it appears
To see thee melting into tears;
And then to hear thee humbly say,
"I'll not do so another day."

But thus to stand and sulk about,
And look so cross, and cry, and pout,
Why that, my little girl should know,
Is worse than working bad or slow.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the Glory of God. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—REV. xxi. 10, 27.

JERUSALEM! my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



SOWING AND REAPING.

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

Who are sowing? Who are sowing?

These young children now at play;
And the scattered seeds are growing
Night by night, and day by day:

Some with fruitful grain are shooting,
Some will only weeds produce,
Which, alas, will need uprooting,
Ere the soil be fit for use.

Who are sowing? those just leaving
Childhood and its sports behind;
Hearts with golden visions heaving,
Are they sowing to the wind?
If they toil, on Christ relying,
If *His* glory be their aim,
They may hope with hope undying,
They shall reap eternal gain.

Who are sowing? Those expending
Manhood's years for objects vain;
Earth beyond, no thought extending,
What shall be their future gain?
Who are sowing? Those still clinging
To the dregs of life misspent:
Tares around their footsteps springing,
Earnest of their end present.

Who are sowing? Who are sowing?
Children, manhood, youth and age,
And the scattered seeds are growing,
Putting forth at every stage;

All along life's pathway springing,
Bearing fruit or flower or weed,
On the air their odor flinging,
Either for our bane or need.

Soon will dawn the day of reaping—
Soon the gathering time will come,
When each seed its promise keeping,
All shall bear their harvest home.



THE COW.

Come, children, listen to me now,
And we will talk about the cow;
We'll find her useful, live or dead,
Whether she's black, or white, or red.

When milk-maids milk morn and night,
She gives them milk, so fresh and white;
And this, we little children think,
Is very nice for us to drink.

The curdled milk they press and squeeze,
And thus they make it into cheese;
The cream skimmed off they shake in churns,
Which very soon to butter turns.



THE COW.



And when she's dead her flesh is good,
For beef is very wholesome food ;
And though in health it makes us strong,
• To eat too much is very wrong.

Then lime and bark the tanner takes,
And of her skin he leather makes :
And this, we know, they mostly use
To make nice soles for boots and shoes.

The hair that grows upon her back,
Is taken, whether white or black,
And mixed with mortar, short or long,
To make it very firm and strong.

Her gall is used for washing clean,
Cloth that is blue, or black, or green ;
Her fat they wash, and scrape and boil,
From which they skim off neats-foot oil.

Her hoofs, with care, make glue so good,
For carpenters to join their wood ;
Her fat, with cotton used aright,
Makes candles, which we burn at night.

And last of all, when cut with care,
Her horns make combs to comb our hair
And so we learn, thanks to our teachers,
That cows are very useful creatures.



THE CHILD WHO STRUCK HER BROTHER.

COME here, my child, and tell me why
Sorrow should shade so fair a brow?
Why stands the tear-drop in her eye?
Confess the truth, and tell me now.

Was it in anger that the blow
To innocence was given?
My darling one must surely know
Her act was seen in heaven.

And He who made that little hand,
And gave it power to move,
Hath also given the great command,
That we should dwell in love.

And did my child despise His law,
And thus offend that God,
Who from on high the action saw,
And can inflict His rod ?

Oh ! lift thy heart to Him above,
His gracious pardon seek !
And then imprint the kiss of love
Upon thy brother's cheek.



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

CHILDREN, do you love each other ?
Are you always kind and true ?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you ?
Are you gentle to each other ?
Are you careful day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say ?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.
Be not selfish to each other—
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

SPRING.

“Just to say the Spring is come,
The violet peeps from her woodland home.”

THOU shalt be mine, thou simplest flower,
'Tenting thyself beneath the bower
Thy little leaves have made;
So meekly shrinking from the eye,
Yet marked by every passer by,
Of thine own sweets betrayed.

The rose may boast a brighter hue,
May yield as rich a fragrance, too,
Yet let her yield to thee;
Not hers thy modesty of dress,
Nor hers thy witching artlessness,
And these are more to me.





THE CHRISTIAN'S FRIEND.

ONE there is above all others

Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,

Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us

Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Saviour died to have us

Reconciled in Him to God ;
This was boundless love indeed ;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,

Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now, above all glory raised,

He rejoices in the same ;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

O for grace our hearts to soften !

Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often

What a Friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.



THE SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pasture, safe folded I rest ; .
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when op-
prest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I
stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.



THE SPARROW'S NEST.

Look, what a medley thing it is !
I never saw a nest like this ;
Not neatly wove with decent care,
Of silver moss and shining hair,—
But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends ;
See, bits of thread and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish bag.
Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like an old washer-woman's gown ;

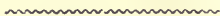
And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between.
See, hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rav'lings of a worsted mat;
And shreds of silk, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together.
Well, here has hoarding been and hiding,
And not a little good contriving,
Before a home of peace and ease
Was fashioned out of things like these.
Think ! had these odds and ends been brought
To some wise man renowned for thought,
Some man, of men a very gem,
Pray what could he have done with them ?
If we had said, "Here, look, we bring
Thee many a worthless little thing ;
Some bits and scraps so very small,
That they have scarcely size at all —
And out of these thou must contrive
A dwelling large enough for five —
Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort stored,
Where five small things may lodge and board.
How would the man of learning vast,
Have been astonished and aghast ;
And say that such a thing had been
Ne'er thought of, heard of, much less seen.
Ah ! man of learning, thou art wrong,
Instinct is e'en as reason strong ;



WINTER.



And He who made the sparrow taught
This skill beyond thy reach of thought.
And here, in this uncostly nest,
These little creatures have been blest.



THE WALL OF FIRE.

To drive Napoleon from the throne,
Were battles lost and won,
Alas! how many lives were lost,
And how much evil done!

Troops from Russia marched to France,
And their wild Cossack band,
Dealing destruction far and wide,
Spread terror o'er the land.

Beside a gently flowing stream
A German village lay,
Where men and women were at work,
And little ones at play.

'Twas said the Cossack band was near,
As numerous as bees;
Then all the men their weapons sought,
To kill their enemies.

The precepts of the Prince of Peace,
They did not read aright;
For "Love your enemies," he said,
"My servants do not fight."

A cottage near the village stood,
Not than a haystack higher,
Where Wilhelm and his grandmamma
Were sitting by the fire.

"O, if the Cossacks come this way,
Grandmother," said the boy,
"I am afraid they'll kill and burn,
And everything destroy!"

"If my dear father were alive,
It would not then be thus;
He would not let the Cossacks come,
For he would fight for us.

"I only am a little boy,
And you are old and weak;
They'll burn our cottage to the ground,
Where can we shelter seek?"

"My child," his aged grandma said,
"Think not of sword or gun;
Thy father's heart was full of peace
And love to every one.

“And he would never raise his hand
To shorten human life;
He knew his Saviour, when on earth,
Forbad all war and strife.

“In God we must put confidence,—
Be not discouraged yet;
For any one that trusts in Him,
He never will forget.

“But now, my son, a chapter read,
Then seek to pray aright,
That God will our protector be,
And care for us to-night.

He took the Bible, and he read
In second Zechariah,
“I, saith the Lord, around about
Will be a wall of fire.”

“Grandmother,” cried the little boy,
“What is this all about?
Will God a wall of fire become,
To keep the Cossacks out?”

“Perhaps not so,” the dame replied,
“But either night or day,
He will protect His trusting ones,
In his own gracious way.

“If He be pleased by fire to save,
By fire it will be done;
But God may save some other way
Unharméd by any one.”

The good old woman and her son
Slept calmly all the night;
At length she thought it must be day,
Although it was not light.

She called her Wilhelm to arise,
And to the window go;
He opened it, and saw that they
Were buried in the snow.

A storm had lasted many hours,
And fierce the north wind blew,
And drifted high the pure white snow,
O'er roof and chimney too.

Poor Wilhelm wept aloud, and cried
He could not see the sky;
And feared they never would escape
From snow so thick and high.

“Be patient, son,” his grandma said,
“We have a store of wood;
And for a day or two, or more,
We shall not want for food.”

Now when another night was gone,
With shovel and with broom,
They pushed the snow, until the sun
Came shining in the room.

Then to the village near at hand,
Quite joyfully they went;
But not a neighbor could they see,
And wondered what it meant!

At length a wounded man they found,
He told this tale of woe:
“The Cossacks came—we could not hear
Them marching on the snow.

“We started from our beds to seize
Our powder and our guns;
But tried in vain our lives to save,
Our wives and little ones.

“The Cossacks fell with sword and spear
On every one they found,
Till all who could not flee away,
Were dying on the ground.”

Thus Wilhelm and his grandma heard,
(And greatly they deplored,)
That all their neighbors had been slain
While trusting in the sword.

They felt that God did unto them
His gracious care bestow;
And if He sent not "Wall of Fire,"
He did—a Wall of Snow.



THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

MAY I a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to heaven's eternal throne.

May I my heart to Thee resign,
Thine ever be, and Thou be mine;
The world I leave, to find the way
To happiness and endless day.

My lips shall be employed to bless
The Lord, my strength, my righteousness;
By faith His holy life I'll view,
His precepts and His path pursue.

Thus would I learn below to live,
Till I my summons hence receive;
Then, when He calls, I shall but die
To live with Him eternally.



THE CHILD'S WISH.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky!

Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand!
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.



THINGS TO REMEMBER.

THESE are the things I ought to mind;
To come in time, and every day,
And never idly wait behind,
Having no reason but to play.

To brush my clothes and put them on,
And see my hands and face are clean;
To know my lessons every one,
And to remember what they mean.

My books I must not tear nor lose,
But always keep them fair and neat;
And wicked words I must not use,
Such as I hear about the street.

I must remember what I'm told,
And always do as I am bid,
And not be obstinate nor bold,
Angry and sulky when I'm chid.

And when I am away from school,
And think that nobody is near,
I must remember every rule,
And be as good as when I'm there.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, our Father in heaven,
Be hallowed Thy glorious name;
To Thee let the kingdom be given,
Thy will we acknowledge supreme.

We would by Thy bounty be fed,
By infinite mercy forgiven;
Nor into temptation be led,
Nor into sad evils be driven.

For Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord,
The power and the glory are Thine,
Be forever and ever adored,
On earth as in heaven divine.



THE MEADOW.

WE'LL go to the meadows where cowslips do grow,
And buttercups looking as yellow as gold,
And daisies and violets beginning to blow;
For it is a most beautiful sight to behold.

The little bee humming about them is seen,
The butterfly merrily dances along;
The grasshopper chirps in the hedges so green,
And the linnet is singing his liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay,
The beasts of the field they are glad and rejoice,
And we will be thankful to God every day,
And praise His great name in a loftier voice.

He made the green meadows, He planted the
flowers,
He sent His bright sun in the heavens to blaze,
He created these wonderful bodies of ours,
And as long as we live we will sing of His
praise.

THE DYING CHILD.

Put thy arm around me, mother,
Draw thy chair beside my bed;
Let me lean upon thy bosom
This poor, weary, aching head.

Once I thought I could not leave thee,
Once I was afraid to die;
Now, I feel 'tis Jesus calls me
To His mansion in the sky.

Why shouldst thou be grieving, mother,
That thy child is going home
To that land where sin and sorrow,
Pain and weakness never come?



THE CHICKENS.

SEE the chickens round the gate
For their morning portion wait;
Fill the basket from the store;
Let me open wide the door.
Thow out crumbs and scatter seed,
Let the hungry creatures feed;
Call them—ah, how fast they run,
Gladly, quickly, every one!
Eager, busy, hen and chick,
Every little morsel pick.
See the hen with callow brood,
To her young how kind and good!

With what care their steps she leads !
Them and not herself she feeds ;
Picking here and picking there,
Where the nicest morsels are.
As she calls they flock around,
Bustling all along the ground.
When their daily labors cease,
And at night they rest in peace,
All the little tiny things
Nestle close beneath her wings ;
There she keeps them safe and warm,
Free from fear, and free from harm.
Now, my little child attend :
Thy Almighty Father, Friend,
Though unseen by mortal eye,
Watches o'er thee from on high !
As the hen her chickens leads,
Shelters, cherishes, and feeds,
So by Him thy feet are led :
Over thee His wings are spread.



THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

(TAYLOR.)

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;
Oh ! that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy,—
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying,
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,—
Patient in his worst distress.

Lord assist a feeble creature;
Guide me by Thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher,
Through my childhood and my youth.

Often I shall be forgetful
Of the lessons thou hast taught,—
Idle, passionate and fretful,
Or indulging foolish thought.

Then permit me not to harden
In my sin, and be content;
But bestow a gracious pardon,
And assist me to repent.



THE DOVES.

Coo, coo, says the gentle dove :
Coo, coo, says its gentle mate ;
They play with each other in love,
And never show anger or hate.

Just so little children should be ;
As gentle and kind as the dove ;
And never get angry and fret,
But play with each other in love.



TEACH US TO PRAY.

LORD, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask ;
Or all we seek, or think, or say,
Will prove a tiresome task.

Teach us for what to pray,
For Thou alone art wise ;
And often what we blindly urge,
Thy mercy, Lord, denies.

Lord, teach us so to pray,
That murmuring be unknown ;
That whatso'er Thy grace denies,
Thy will may be our own.

Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire ;
Then shall our praise to Thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.



THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

BENEATH the budding lilacs,
A little maiden sighed —
The first flower in her garden
That very morn had died.

A primrose tuft, transplanted,
And watered every day,
One yellow bud had opened,
And then it pined away.

I thought, as that child's sorrow
Rose wailing on the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Long in the silence there.



For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We've all some desert garden
• Where life's first primrose died.

THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus;
Mother, dear, forbid me not;
By His blood from hell He frees us,
Makes us fair, without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,
At His pierced feet to fall :
Why forbid me ? help me, rather ;
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto Him,
Gentle sisters come with me ;
Oh ! that all I love but knew Him,
Then my home a heaven would be !

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
Bid me not forsake the cross ;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yet though all the world has chid me,
Father, mother, sister, friend,
Jesus never will forbid me,
Jesus loves me to the end.

Gentle Shepherd, on Thy shoulder
Carry me, a sinful lamb ;
Give me faith and make me bolder,
Till with Thee in heaven I am.



THE WANDERINGS OF THE BIRDS.

AUTUMN has come, so bare and gray,
The woods are brown and red;
The flowers all have passed away,
The forest leaves are dead.

The little birds at morning dawn,
Clothed in warm coats of feather,
Conclude that they away will roam,
To seek for milder weather.

The robin gives his last sweet strain,
His mate responding follows;
And then away they lead the train
Of blue-birds, wrens, and swallows.

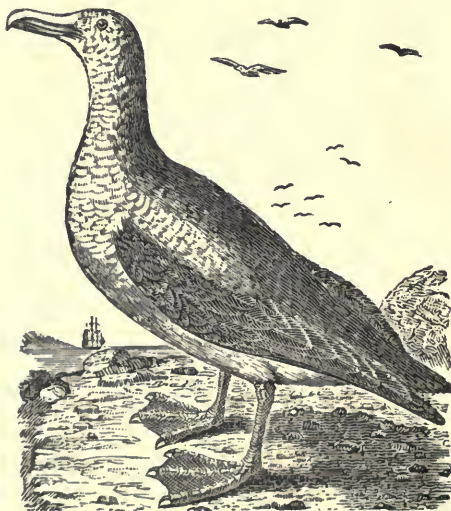
The cuckoo, thrush, and yellow-bird,
The wild goose, teal, and sparrow,
Martin and chippee, all are heard
To sing their parting carol.

The oriole hastens in his flight,
The swallow skims the water;
The whip-poor-will and bobby-white
Join in the black-bird's clatter.

Tribe after tribe, with leaders fair,
All spread their wings for flight,
Away, away, high in the air,
Nor care for day nor night.

The fig tree and the orange bowers
They soon will find so sweet;
The sunny clime of fruits and flowers
They with warm hearts will greet

But when the voice of spring they hear,
They'll sing their "chick-a-dee,"
And back they'll come, our hearts to cheer,
"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whee."



WANDERING ALBATROSS

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

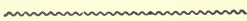
When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young :
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death



THE CRUST.

Waste not, want not.

I MUST not throw upon the floor,
The crust I cannot eat;
There's many a hungry little one
Would think it quite a treat.

My parents take the kindest care
To get me wholesome food;
And so I must not waste a bit,
That may do others good.

The corn from which my bread is made,
God causes it to grow;
How sad to waste what he has given—
He would both see and know.

'Tis wilful waste brings woful want;
And I may live to say,
"Oh! how I wish I had the bread
Which once I threw away.



TRYING TO DO RIGHT.

(TAYLOR.)

O THAT it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try with all my might
To mind what I am taught.

Wherever I am bid to go,
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave some pretty play.

When I am bid I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got ;
And never touch a pretty thing,
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys ;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try to do it well.

For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold,
And He is pleased when children try
'To do as they are told.



THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear
While I refuse to read and pray,
That He'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

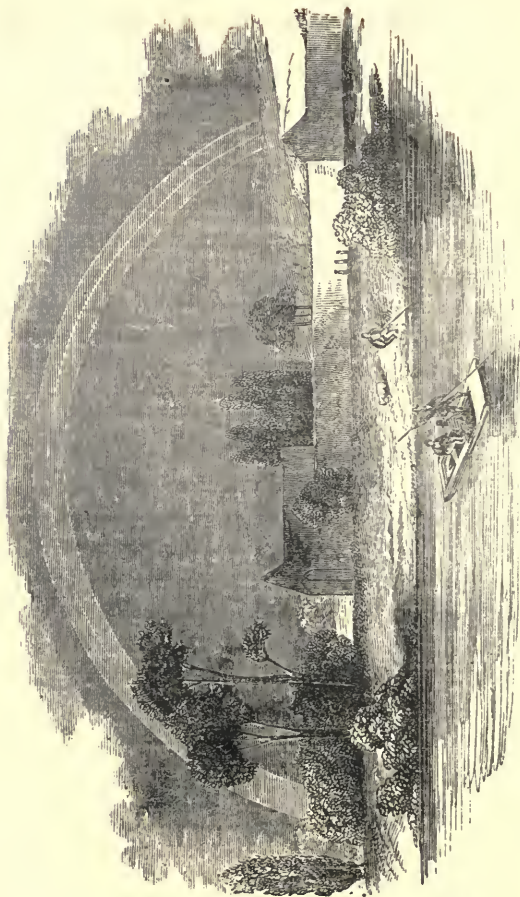
What if His dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse His offered grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell!
One stroke of His Almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 't will forever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

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THE RAINBOW.

THE RAINBOW.

BEAUTEOUS bow, so broad, so high,
An arch of glory in the sky !
Seven bands of colors bright
Face the sun, the source of light ;
The first and highest red appears,
An orange hue the second wears ;
The third like yellow gold is seen,
And then the fourth, a vivid green ;
But the fifth shines out below,
And next the sixth, deep indigo ;
The seventh and last, and lowest yet,
Is the lovely violet.

THE MECHANICAL POWERS.

OF different powers Mechanics have six,
Heavy weights to lift up, and great timbers to fix ;
So listen awhile to my short explanation :

Of mechanical powers, exact and so true,
There's the Lever, the Pulley, the Wheel on its axle,
The Inclined Plane, the Wedge, and the Screw.



THE LIE.

AND has my darling told a lie?
Did she forget that God was by—
That God who saw the thing she did,
From whom no action can be hid?
Did she forget that God could see,
And hear, wherever she might be?
He made our eyes, and can discern
Whichever way we think to turn;
He made our ears, and he can hear
Whene'er we think no one is near:

In every place, by night or day,
He watches all we do or say.
She thought because she was alone,
Her falsehood never could be known;
But liars always are found out,
Whatever way they wind about.
Then always be afraid, my dear,
To tell a lie, for God can hear.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Out of the Old Testament, put into short rhyme for children.

EXODUS, Chapter xx.

- 1 THOU shalt have no more gods but me.
- 2 Before no idol bow thy knee.
- 3 Take not the name of God in vain.
- 4 Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
- 5 Give both thy parents honor due.
- 6 Take heed that thou no murder do.
- 7 Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
- 8 Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
- 9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
- 10 What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

(TAYLOR.)

God made the sky that looks so blue;
He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful should we be!

God made the pretty bird to fly;
How sweetly has she sung;
And, though she flies so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice milk,
The horse for me to use;
I'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink,
He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit—
O, how should I love Him!



SUMMER.

THE WORKS OF GOD.





THE SPARROW.

Who formed the little sparrow,
And gave him wings to fly?
Who shields him from the arrow,
When flying in the sky?
Our Father, God, who reigns in heaven,
By whom are all our blessings given.

And who so gently leads him
Far from the fowler's snare?
And who so kindly feeds him,
And shows such tender care?
Our Father, God, who stoops to show
His grace to creatures here below.

And who a dress provides him,
So beautiful and warm?
Who in the shelter hides him,
Amid the raging storm?
Our Father, God, extends his care
Through heaven, and earth, and sea, and air.

Does God full many a favor
To little sparrows give?
And shall we not endeavor
By faith on Him to live?
Our Father, God, who reigns above,
Is worthy of our highest love.



THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

“And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.” — REV. xxii. 5.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes :

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.



THE FLY.

'T WAS God who made the little fly ;
But if thou pinch it, it may die :
My teacher tells us God has said,
We must not hurt what he has made.
For God is very kind and good,
And gives to little flies their food ;
And He loves every little child
Who is kind-hearted, good, and mild.

VERSES.

GOD lives on high,
Beyond the sky;
And angels bright,
All clothed in white,
The praises sing
Of heaven's King.

'Tis He bestows
My food and clothes,
And my soft bed
To rest my head,
And cottage neat,
And mother sweet.

And should not I
Forever try
To do what He
Has ordered me,
And dearly love
This Friend above?

I always should
Be very good:
At home should mind
My parents kind;
At school obey
What teachers say.

Now, if I fight,
And scratch and bite,
In passions fall,
And bad names call,
Full well I know
Where I shall go.

Satan is glad
When I am bad ;
And hopes that I
With him shall lie
In fire and chains,
And dreadful pains.

All liars dwell
With him in hell ;
And many more,
Who cursed and swore ;
And drunkards, too,
A dreadful crew.

And I have not
Done what I ought :
I am not fit
With God to sit,
And angels bright,
All clothed in white.

This God can see
Both you and me;
Can see at night,
As in the light:
And all we do
Remember, too.

I will confess
My naughtiness;
And will entreat
For mercy sweet.
O Lord, forgive,
And let me live.

My body must
Be turned to dust;
Then let me fly
Beyond the sky,
And see Thy face
In that sweet place.



THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.

Who's the darling little girl
Even Jesus Christ can love?
She it is who, meek and good,
Daily grows like Him above.

Happy, darling little girl!
Is it I? oh! is it I?
Blessed Jesus make me such,
While I live and when I die!



THY WILL BE DONE.



It is a short and simple prayer,
But 't is the Christian's stay,
Through every varied scene of care,
On to His dying day.

As through the wilderness of life,
He calmly wanders on,
His prayer in sorrow, joy, or strife,
Is still "Thy will be done."



WHO MADE THE STARS?

- “MOTHER, who made the stars which light
The beautiful blue sky?
Who made the moon, so clear and bright,
That rises up on high?”
- “’Twas God, my child, the glorious One—
He formed them by His power;
He made alike the brilliant sun,
And every leaf and flower.

“He made thy little feet to walk,
Thy sparkling eyes to see;
Thy busy, prattling tongue to talk,
Thy limbs so lithe and free.

“He paints each fragrant flower that glows
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose
Their beauty and perfume.

“Our various wants His hands supply,
And guard us every hour;
We're kept beneath His watchful eye,
And guided by His power.

“Then let thy little heart, my love,
Its grateful homage pay
To this kind Friend, who from above,
So gently guides thy way.”



THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at Thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now forever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault!



YOUTH INVITED TO CHRIST.

“Hearken unto me, now, therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth.”—PROV. vii. 24.

CHILDREN! listen to the Lord,
And obey His gracious word;
Seek His face with heart and mind—
Early seek, and you shall find.

Let His love your heart inflame;
Be His praise your highest aim;
Keep His fear before your sight;
Be His smile your chief delight.

Serve the Lord with perfect heart;
Never from His ways depart;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice;
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven.



USE OF THE BIBLE.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am:
Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless:
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death!
Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;—
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!



WHEN MY LITTLE DAUGHTER COMES.

WHEN my little daughter comes
To the board with plenty spread,
She should try to think of Him,
By whose bounty she is fed.

From our heavenly Father's hand,
Come our blessings, health and food,
Parents, homes, and all we have,
All we know and think of good.

Then, my darling, try to say
To thyself a little prayer;
Ask God for a grateful heart,
At thy meals and everywhere.



WILL YOU GO?

WE'RE travelling home to heaven above;
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blessed shore,
Their trials and labors all are o'er,
But still there's room for millions more:
Will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go?
Far, far from death, and sin, and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven share:
Will you go?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb ;

Will you go ?

With joyful songs to praise His name ;

Will you go ?

Our sun will then no more go down,

Our moon no more will be withdrawn,

Our days of mourning past and gone ;

Will you go ?

The way to heaven is straight and plain ;

Will you go ?

Repent, believe, be born again ;

Will you go ?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,

“ Take up thy cross and follow me,

And thou shalt my salvation see ; ”

Will you go ?

O ! could I hear some sinner say,

“ I will go. ”

O ! could I hear him humbly pray,

“ Make me go. ”

And all his old companions tell,

“ I will not go with you to hell,

I long with Jesus Christ to dwell :

Let me go. ”



WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A SUNBEAM?

It were well to be a sunbeam
In this fair world of ours,
Calling forth the skylark's song,
And wakening up the flowers;

Creeping down the mountain-side,
And up the wooded hills,
Flinging wreaths of diamonds
On the little singing rills;

Peeping through the cottage doors,
And on the white-washed walls,
Spreading richer drapery
Than festoons palace halls;

Breathing thoughts of gladness
Round the aged and the worn,
As it bringeth blessed tidings
Of the land where it was born;

Joining — oh, how merrily! —
In the play it loveth well,
As it peeps, with laughing children,
In the lily's shining bell;

Giving life and gladness
To a thousand dancing things;
Gentle, bright and smiling
As the gift an angel brings.

Were it well to be a sunbeam
In this fair world of ours?
Then, little ones, rejoice that
The same sweet work is yours.

Go forth into thy quiet home
A little beam of light,
And with thy loving ministry,
Make many memories bright.

Do deeds of winning kindness
To the dear ones round thy hearth;
But think, amidst thy home-love,
Of the lonely ones on earth.

Waken in some sad heart,
By the touch of thy soft hand,
The harp-notes of rejoicing
For the hopes of a better land.

Let thy light tread be heard
On bare and cheerless floors;
And enter, like a sunbeam,
The lonely cottage doors.

And in thy loving mission
Let none forgotten be;
Let insect, bird, and flower
Be cared for tenderly.

And so thou shalt be called
A little sunbeam bright,—
One day to gleam and glisten
In thy Saviour's crown of light.

AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

WALK with the Lord at morn,
When every scene is fair;
When opening buds the boughs adorn,
And fragrance fills the air;

Ere yet the rosy dawn awake,
And in thy being's pride,
In the first blush of beauty make
Omnipotence thy guide.

Walk with the Lord at noon,
When fervid suns are high,
And pleasure, with a treacherous boon,
Allureth manhood's eye.

Then with the diamond shield of prayer,
Thy soul's opposers meet;
And crush the thorns of sin and care
That bind the pilgrim's feet.

Walk with the Lord at eve,
When twilight dews descend,
And nature seems a shroud to wear,
As for some smitten friend.

As slow the lonely moments glide
On mournful wings away,
Cling closer, closer to His side,
For He shall be thy stay!

And shouldst thou linger still,
Till midnight spreads her pall,
And age lament, with bosom chill,
Thy buried earthly all,

Thy withered eye a signal bright,
Beyond the tomb shall see,
That He who was thy morning light,
Thy God, shall walk with thee.

ZION.

(NEWTON.)

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Framed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove : —
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near :
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day ;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And, as priests, His solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.









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